

The Connaughtman's Visit to Dublin

To which are added,
THE HAPPY BEGGARMAN,



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(2)

The Connaughtman's Visit to DUBLIN.

YOU people of Dublin who whollies the
rules, (fools;
Of canting poor strangers and humbugging
If ever you catch me vonst more on your
stones, (bones,
I'll give whree leave whor to broke all my
Vidh a good house and garden I lived at
my ease, (not please;
But those worly pleasures my mind could
To frends and to neighbors I did bid adieu,
And set off to Dublin to see the review.
I whodered my brogues and I pushed to
the read,
And parted sweet Leitrim my place of abode;
My time being short I kept still in a trot,
Till at last I arrived at the wery same spot.
Vidh a trembling aspect into town did
advonc, (chance,
And arrived at a soop-maker's celler by
There vas cows heads, lambs puddings and
what tripe,
Dis dillufious sight gave my belly the gripes.
With mazement and vonder I viewed all
over,
Till a woman spy'd at the door,
Who said vill you vak down here: sir, there
is evey thing nice,

You may eat a good dinner at a small priece.

I tum'd down stairs and I'll pull of my
hat,

And immediately down by the whire I sat;
In less than five minutes she did brought me
a plate, (meat.

Overflown vid black pracie fite cabitch and
She'l tolte me in Leitrim she vas born'd and
bread, (good bed,

And that she would comodate me with a
I thank'd her and then straight to bed I did
fly,

And there lay as snug as a pig in a stie.

My shides they had not long lay down on
the bed;

Fen a regiment of varriors my body over-
spread;

They kept such retreating and fighting all
night,

T'as ten times more greater nor Aughrim's
fight.

Fen whirst I lay down oh! but she vas
hard,

For every fedder vood measure von yard;
Ten rhousand black troops my body over-
spread,

And had lik vor to tumble me out of the bed.

But de morning being come I jump'd up
in a whrite,

I dressed me and call'd for my bill upon sight.
My hostage made answer as we vere from
one town,

And as your an acontance I'll charge you
but a crown,

Oh! that's beyond reason and confhience
to boot,

Then I and my hostage began to dispute;
She tol me my wrangling vid soon have an
end, (send.

So streightway for shistance her dater did
In less than three minuets how I was
conwounded,

To whind myself then by a gard close sur-
rounded;

I took them whor nearls nor peers ov the
land,

They wore drab coats vith fite cabes and
guns in their hands.

Says von my good fellow come make no
delay,

But pay your reckoning and march away;
For if you refuse for to pay her the whole,
By George you must stirtinly march to the
gaol.

Pleash your honour I'm a poor Conought-
man,

Before in my life I was never trepan;
But she fvores by her jakers she vood have
her due,

So I paid her and then vent off to the review.
I dived in to town like an eel in the mud,
Kept moving my limbs wholl as fast as I
could;

To drive away sorrow I fishted a pace,

Faint the nails in my brogu's and the flags
join'd in base.

I whinding myself vas out of her reach
Whor the plash of reviewing I went in search
I still kept runing pursuing my whate,
Till at last I derived at the Whenix Park
gate.

For I entered the Park I whist cast roun
my eyes. (prize,

And view'd all about me with strange sur-
Such standing of Whiskey and Sheeben vas
ihere, (whair.

I thought on my shui it vas sweet Leitrim
I wholow'd the croud across ditch and hedge
Sometimes being up to my knees in the sledgs
Altho' being whatagu'd I kept still on my
heels.

Till at last I deriv'd at the at the grand re-
view wheelds.

But fen I came there I vas whilled vide
such vonder,

Their damnable guns did rattle like thunder,
And made such a nois by their rattling of
drums,

I thought that the end of the Vorld was come.
Sich plenty of fiders the most ov them did
vore,

I'm sure they had turkeys and hens to galore
And Reynard had dare at their roosts been
to steal,

Whor great many more on their heads vore
his tail.

They fir'd with such spirits and marsh'd up
so tight,

I'm sure they're boys that Ireland ve'd white;
I gave dem my blessing whor wearing the
fleece, (geese.

Obtainin'g whree trade and proticting dere
The General gave orders whor closing the
ranks,

At hearing of silch I jumped in the flanks;..
Fair von at my but made a ram of his gun,
And bid me run home for my praties wa's dun.

Dog you says he if you veat fear I know,
But I would make you pay very well whor
that blow,

At hearing of silch in a passion he flew,
And a long carving knife on my own self he
drew.

I took to my heels full as fast as I coud,
And I never cry'd stop 'till I'll get in a vood,
Where being whatagued on my lides down I
lay.

And fell fast asleep and slept there till next
day.

My heart being represt and my pockets be-
ing low,

I gader'd my fences to know fat I wood do;
My whine pair of brogues that cost me half-
a-crown,

I solt whor tin-pence and so quit the town.

Now I thank my good fortune that I got
home, Throne,
And lives at more ease nor the King on his

To all whoolish whanceis I now bid adeiu,
And silsh ever I live I will think of the raveiw.

The HAPPY BEGGARMAN.

O F all the trades a going, begging is my delight,

My rent it is paid when I lay down my bags every night,

I'll throw away care and take a long staff in my hand,

I'll flourish each day courageoufly looking for chance.

Like one in an ague shiv'ring and shaking I'll stand, (my hands,

I'll seem to be lame, qnite useless of one of

Like a piigrim I'll pray each day with my

hat in my hand,

And at night the fair maids I'll please as well as I can.

My belts round my shoulders and down my bags they do hang,

With a push and a jolt I quickly will have them yoaked on;

My horn by my side likewise my skiver and can, (I gang.

My staff and long pike to fight the dogs as My breeches is broke and down my linen

does hang,

The girls for sport, surround me all in a throng,

They treat me to beer, good cheer, and a
cup of a dram,

They would follow me, tho' my beard was
seven foot long.

Down comes the house-keeper, saying here
is an alms poor man, (to come:
To pray for my welfare now and the world
I'll lay down my bags, and with her I'll take
a sweet row,

That's what she'd rather have ten times than
to pray for her soul.

To patters and fairs each day I will mer-
rily gang, (hat in my hand,
Like a pilgrim I'll pray each day with my
I've plenty of good wives I'm seldom trust-
ing to one, (can.

At at every stage a fair maid to carry my
To taverns all round, I'll sound for col-
lections along,

And for to get more my beard I'll let grow
very long,

That girls would say as they'd cram meal
into my bags,

If this fellow was shiv'ed he'd make a hard-
some young man.

The Ale-wives do teize and seize me with
sorrow and grief,

When I go to bed, they're stealing to me
like a thief,

If I owe a crown or a pound the good wo-
men do say,

Begone honest man, go away, there's nothing
to pay.

